

THE THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY
THE SIXTH : *By*
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE * * * *



BLISS, SANDS & CO.
L O N D O N

MDCCCXCVIII.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son*
LEWIS THE ELEVENTH, *King of France*
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD, } *on King Henry's side*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King*
Edward the Fourth,
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,* } *his Sons*
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD, } *of the Duke of York's Party.*
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *Uncles to the Duke of York*
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*

6 *THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.* [ACT I.]

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland

Mayor of York

Lieutenant of the Tower.

A Nobleman.

Two Keepers.

A Huntsman

A Son that has killed his Father

A Father that has killed his Son

QUEEN MARGARET

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward the Fourth*

BONA, *Sister to the French Queen*

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King
Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c*

SCENE — *England and France.*

ACT I

SCENE I *London The Parliament House*

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in.

Then enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD,

RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,

and others, with white roses in their hats.

War I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men.

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose war-like ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain
Edw Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Bucking-
ham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerously ;
I cleft his heaver with a downright blow .
That this is true, father, behold his blood
[Showing his bloody sword.]

Mont *[To YORK, showing his]* And, brother,
here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd

Rich Speak thou for me, and tell them what I
did

[Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET'S head]
York Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset ?

Nor Such hope have all the line of John of
Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's
head

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And thus the regal seat possess it, York ,
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I
will ;

8 *THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.* [ACT I.]

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk We'll all assist you, he that flies shall die.

York Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords,

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

Warwick And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out our force

[*The Soldiers retire.*]

York The Queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council :

By words or blows here let us win our right

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house

Warwick The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies

York Then leave me not, my lords, be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right

Warwick Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dare stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.

Resolve thee, Richard claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTH-
UMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and
others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel
sits,

Even in the chair of state ! belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends
North If I be not, heavens be revenged on me !

Clif The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn
in steel.

West What ! shall we suffer this ? let's pluck
him down

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmore-
land.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he
He durst not sit there had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin be it so.

K. Hen. Ah ! know you not the city favours
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exe But when the duke is slain they'll quickly
fly

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house !

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[*They advance to the DUKE*

10 THIRD PART OF K HENRY VI. [ACT I.

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet ;
I am thy sovereign

York I am thine

Ere For shame ! come down : he made thee
Duke of York

York 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Ere Thy father was a traitor to the crown

War Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry

Clif Whom should he follow but his natural
king ?

War True, Clifford, and that's Richard, Duke
of York

K Hen And shall I stand, and thou sit in my
throne ?

York It must and shall be so : content thyself.

War Be Duke of Lancaster : let him be king

West He is both king and Duke of Lancaster ;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War And Warwick shall disprove it. You
forget

That we are those which chased you from the field
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates

North Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief ;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif Urge it no more ; lest that instead of words
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats

York Will you we show our title to the crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field

• *K Hen* What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York ,
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces

War Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K Hen The lord protector lost it, and not I
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old

Rich You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head

Edw Sweet father, do so , set it on your head

Mont [*To York*] Good brother, as thou lovest
and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
will fly.

York Sons, peace !

K. Hen Peace thou ! and give King Henry
leave to speak .

War. Plantagenet shall speak first . hear him,
lords ;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my
kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

No · first shall war unpeople this my realm;
 Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
 And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
 Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
 My title's good, and better far than his

War Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K Hen Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown

York 'T was by rebellion against his king

K Hen [*Aside*] I know not what to say: my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
 For Richard, in the view of many lords,
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his

York He rose against him, being his sovereign,
 And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
 Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Eze No; for he could not so resign his crown
 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Eze His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Eze My conscience tells me he is lawful king

K. Hen [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
 Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

War Deposed he shall be in despite of all.

North Thou art deceived 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me

Clif King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

K Hen O Clifford ! how thy words revive my heart

York Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood

[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word .

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

K. Hen. I am content Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease

Clif What wrong is this unto the prince your son !

War. What good is this to England and himself !

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North Nor I

Clif Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these
news

West Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate
king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides

North Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in hands for this unmanly deed !

Clif In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised !

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and
WESTMORELAND

War Turn this way, Henry, and regard them
not

Isr They seek revenge and therefore will not
yield

K Hen Ah ! Exeter

War Why should you sigh, my lord ?

K Hen Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my
son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may, I here entail

'The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever ;

Conditionally, that here thou take oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

York This oath I willingly take and will per-
form

[*Coming from the throne.*

War Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet, em-
brace him

K Hen And long live thou and these thy

forward sons !
York Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconciled
Ere Accused be he that seeks to make them
 foes ! [Sennet The Lords come forward
York Farewell, my gracious lord I'll to my
 castle
War. And I'll keep *London* with my soldiers.
Norfolk And I ~~ten~~ *Norfolk* with my followers
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
 [Exeunt *YORK* and his Sons, *WARWICK*, *NOR-*
FOLK, *MONTAGUE*, Soldiers, and Attendants.
K Hen And I, with grief and sorrow, to the
 court

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.

Ere Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray
 her anger
 I'll steal away
K Hen Ever, so will I
Q Mar Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.
K Hen Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar Who can be patient in such extremes?
 Ah ! wretched man, would I had died a maid,
 And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
 Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father.
 Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus ?
 Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
 Or felt that pain which I did for him once.
 Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
 Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood
 there,
 Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
 And disinherited thine only son.

Prince Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K Hen Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me,
sweet son

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me:

Q. Mur Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt
be forced?

I shame to hear thee speak Ah! timorous wretch;

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chanc'lor and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm,

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds

The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act;

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd

Whereby my son is disinherited

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York

Thus do I leave thee Come, son, let's away;

Our army is ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Hen Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already .
get thee gone.

K. Hen Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field

I'll see your grace till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away, we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt* Queen MARGARET and the
PRINCE OF WALES.

K. Hen Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart :

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefeld.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York About what? "

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us,

The crown of England, father, which is yours

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are here, therefore enjoy it now.
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No, God forbid your grace should be forsworn

York I shall be, if I claim by ^{my} own war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak

York Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms ! And, father, do but think
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy
 Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest
 Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart

York Richard, enough I will be king, or die.
 Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise
 Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
 And tell him privily of our intent
 You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Colham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
 In them I trust, for they are soldiers,
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger

But, stay : what news ? why comest thou in such
 post ?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and
 lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord

York Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st
 thou that we fear them ?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;
 My brother Montague shall post to London .

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths

Mont. Brother, I go, I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John She shall not need, we'll meet her in
the field

York What! with five thousand men?

Rich Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general, what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*]

Edu I hear their drums let's set our men in
order,

And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York Five men to twenty! though the odds be
great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Excunt.*]

SCENE III. *Field of "Battle" between Sandal Castle
and Wakefield.*

*Alarums Excursions Enter RUTLAND and his
Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah! tutor, look, where bloody Clifford comes.

• *Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.*

Clif Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die

Tut And I, my lord, will bear him company

Clif Soldiers, away with him!

Tut Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers*]

Clif How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them

Rut So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws,

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder

Ah! gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look

Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

• *Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again.
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him

Clif Had I thy brethren here, their lives and
thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digg'd up thy forlathers' graves,
And hung them rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ,
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell
Therefore--

[*Leaving his hand.*]

Rut O ! let me pray before I take my death
To thee I pray , sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut I never did thee harm why wilt thou
slay me ?

Clif Thy father hath

Rut But 't was ere I was born.

Thou hast one son , for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I
Ah ! let me live in prison all my days ,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif No cause !

Thy father slew my father , therefore, die

[*Stabs him.*]

Rut *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ !*

[*Dies.*]

Clif Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

• *Alarum Enter YORK*

York. The army of the queen ~~hath~~ got the field

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them
• But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it
out!'

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him
And when the hardest warriors did retire,
Richard cried 'Charge!' and give no foot of
ground!'

And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charged again, but, out, alas!
We bodged again as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

• [A short alarum within.
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong I would not shun their fury.

The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the young PRINCE, and Soldiers.

Come, blood! Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whatever you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif So cowards fight when they can fly no further,

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice.

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif I will not bargain with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*]

Q. Mar Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand

causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life
Wrath makes him deaf speak thou, Northumber-
land

North. Hold, Clifford ' do not honour him so
much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour

[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.]

Clif Ay, ay, so stives the woodcock with the
gun

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net

York So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty.

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd

North What would your grace have done unto
him now ?

Q. Man Brave warriors, Clifford and Nor-
thumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand

What ! was it you that would be England's king ?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now ?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutines?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
 Look! York! I stain'd this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy,
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal
 Alas! poor York, but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state
 I prithe thee grieve, to make me merry, York
 What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine en-
 trails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be
 mad,

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou wouldst be teed'd, I see, to make me sport.
 York cannot speak unless he wear a crown
 A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him
 Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on

[Puts a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair.

And this is he was his adopted heir

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king

Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O! 't is a fault too too unpardonable.

Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head ;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif That is my office, for my father's sake

Q. Mar. Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he
make,

York She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !

But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,

• Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush .

To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,

Unless the adage must be verified,

That beggars mounted run their horse to death

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small ,

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired ,

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at

'Tis government that makes them seem divine ;

The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.

O ! tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide,
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible,
 'Thou stern, unmate, flinty, rough, remorseless
 Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy
 wish

Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy
 will.

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-
 woman

North Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
 That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
 with blood ;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 O ! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this ;
 And if thou tellst the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;
 Yea, even my toes will shed fast-falling tears,
 And say ' Alas ! it was a piteous deed '
 There, take the crown, and with the crown my
 curse,

And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North Had he been slaughter-man to all my
kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how only sorrow gapes his soul

Q. Mar. What ! weeping-ripe, my Lord Nor-
thumb-land !

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears

Chf Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death *[Stabbing him.]*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king *[Stabbing him.]*

York Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God !

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
Thee *[Dies.]*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York
gates :

So York may overlook the town of York.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Herefordshire*

*A March. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with
their Power*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no

From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en we should have heard the
news,

Had he been slain we should have heard the
news,

Or had he ^{been} ^{seen} ^{slain}, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich I cannot joy until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat,
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof and bark at him
So fared our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my war-like father
Methinks 't is prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a youngling prancing to his love.

Edw Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event

Edw 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never

heard of-

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward with our war
Upon my target three fair-shining suns

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave
I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male

Enter a Messenger

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah! one that was a woeful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord

Edw. O! speak no more, for I have heard too
much

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all

Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds,
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face, and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks

32 *THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.* [ACT II.

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same, and there it doth remain,
The suddes^t spectacle that e'er I view'd

Edw Sweet Duke of York ! our prop to lean
upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay
O Clifford ! boisterous Clifford ! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison
Ah ! would she break from hence, that this my
body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest,
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O ! never, shall I see more joy.

Rich I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden ;

For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would
quench

To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears then for babes , blows and revenge for me !
Richard, I bear thy name , I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw His name that valiant duke hath left with
thee .

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his

March Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with
their Army.

War How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what
news abroad ?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should re-
count

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the
wounds

O valiant lord ! the Duke of York is slain

Edw O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death

War Ten days ago I drown'd these news in
tears,

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the
queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along ;
 For by my scouts I was advertised
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,
 Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
 Short talk to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
 Our batties joind, and both sides fiercely fought :
 But whether 't was the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his war-like queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
 Or whether 't was report of her success ;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
 I cannot judge but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
 Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great rewards .
 But all in vain , they had no heart to fight,
 And we in them no hope to win the day ;
 So that we fled the king unto the queen ;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ,
 For in the marches here we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight again

Edw Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
 Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to
 England ?

War Some six miles off the duke is with the
 soldiers ,

And for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your land aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war
Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
 • fled

Oft have I heard his praises in place, ~~but~~
 But ne'er till now his scandal of retire
War. Not now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
 hear,

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of
 mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
 And wing the awful sceptre from his fist,
 Were he as famous and as bold in war
 As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick, blame me
 not

'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak
 But in this troublous time what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 If for the last, say 'Ay,' and to it, lords

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
 you out,

And therefore comes my brother Montague
 Attend me, lords The proud insulting queen,
 With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
 And of their feather many more proud birds,
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
 He swore consent to your succession,

His oath enrolled in the parliament;
 And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath and what beside
 May make against the house of Lancaster
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong—
 Now, if ~~we had~~ of Norfolk and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
 Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand.
 Why, *Via*! to London will we march again,
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
 But never once again turn back and fly

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick
 speak

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
 That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven fortend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of
 York

The next degree is England's royal throne,
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along,
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as
 steel,
 As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,

• Come to piece it, or to give thee mine

Edw. Then strike up, drums ! God and Saint
George for us !

Enter a Messenger

• *War.* How now ! what news ?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by
me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host,

• And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's
away. [*Exeunt*

• SCENE II *Before York*

Flourish *Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET,
the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NOR-
THUMBRELAND, with drums and trumpets*

Q Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town
of York

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
their wreck

To see this sight, it irks my very soul

Withhold revenge, dear God ! 't is not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow

Clf. My gracious luge, this too much lenity

And harmful pity must be laid aside

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his that spoils her young before her face
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back
 The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood
 Ambitious ~~folk~~ did level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue like a loving sire,
 Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 Which argued thee a most unloving father
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young,
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
 And long hereafter say unto his child
 'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
 My careless father fondly gave away'?
 Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.
K Hen Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
 That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
 And would my father had left me no more!
 For all the rest is held at such a rate
 As brings a thousand-fold more ~~care~~ to ~~rep~~
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
 Ah! cousin York, would thy best friends did
 know

*How it doth grieve me that thy head is here

Q. Mar My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes
 are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint
 You promised knight-hood to our forward son
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently
 Edward, kneel down

K. Hen Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
 And learn this lesson: Draw thy sword in right

Prince My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it to the death

Clif Why, that is spoken like a tower'd prince

Enter a Messenger

Mess Royal commanders, be in readiness
 For with a band of thirty thousand men
 Comes Warwick, lacking of the Duke of York,
 And in the towns, as they do march along,
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him
 Darnaigh your battle, for they are at hand

Clif I would your highness would depart the
 field.

The queen hath best success when you are absent

Q Mar Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune

K Hen Why, that's my fortune too, therefore I'll stay

North Be it with resolution then to fight

Prince ~~My~~ ^{My} royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence
Unsheathe your sword, good father cry, 'Saint
George'

March Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WAR-
WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers

Edw Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel
for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q Mar Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting
boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw I am his king, and he should bow his knee,
I was adopted heir by his consent
Since when, his oath is broke, for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in

Clif And reason too

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich Are you there, butcher? O! I cannot
speak.

Clif Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer
thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,
was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the
fight

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick!
dare you speak?

*When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands*

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is
thine

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove
me thence

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make
you stay

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently
Break off the parley, for scarce I can retrain
The execution of my big-swollen heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous
coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and
hear me speak

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy
lips.

K. Hen. I pritheee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak

Clif My liege, the wound that bred this meeting
here

Cannot be cured by words, therefore be still

Rich Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue

Edw Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yild the crown.

War If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on

Prince If that be right which Warwick says is
right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right

Rich Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue

Q Mar But thou art neither like thy sire nor
dam,

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings

Rich Iron of Naples hid with English guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
traught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw A wisp of straw were worth a thousand
crowns,

To make this shameless callat know herself
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus,
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman as this king by thee
 His father revell'd in the heart of France,
 And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
 And had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day,
 But when he took a beggar to his bed, -
 And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day,
 Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for
 him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
 Hadst thou been mock our title still had slept,
 And we, in pity of the gentle king,
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age

Geo But when we saw our sunshine made thy
 spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root,
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods

Edw And in this resolution I defy thee,
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak
 Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
 And either victory, or else a grave

Q Mar Stay, Edward

Edw No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer
 stay

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A Field of Battle near Towton.**Alarums. Excursions Enter WARWICK.*

War Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe,
 For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their
 strength,

And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile

Enter EDWARD, running

Edw Smile, gentle heaven! or strike ungentle
 death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded

War How now, my lord! what hap? what hope
 of good?

Enter GEORGE

Geo Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw Bootless is flight, they follow us with
 wings,

And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit

Enter RICHARD

Rich Ah! Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn
 thyself?

Thy brothers' blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
 And in the very pangs of death he cried,
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
 So, underneath the belly of their steeds,

That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our
blood

I'll kill my horse because I will not fly
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by countering actors?
Hare on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with
thine,

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold free,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand, and, gentle
• Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
farewell

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,

46 *THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.* [ACT II.

And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
 And call them pillars that will stand to us,
 And if we thrive promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the Olympian games
 'This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
 For yet is hope of life and victory
 Forslow no longer, make we hence amain
 [Exeunt.

SCENE IV *Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
 And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
 'This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
 And thus the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death
 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and
 brother,

To execute the like upon thyself,
 And so, have at thee!

[*They fight WARWICK comes, CLIFFORD flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other
 chase,
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE V *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

— *K | Hen.* This battle faies like to the morning's
war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea

Forced by the tide to combat with the wind,

Now sways it that way, like the self same sea

Forced to retire by fury of the wind

Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind,

Now one the better, then another best,

Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror nor conquered,

So is the equal poise of this fell war

Here on this molehill will I sit me down

To whom God will, there be the victory!

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,

Have chid me from the battle, swearing both

'They prosper best of all when I am thence

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;

For what is in this world but grief and woe?

O God! methinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain,

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

Thereby to see the minutes how they run,

How many make the hour full complete,

How many hours bring about the day;

How many days will finish up the year;

How many years a mortal man may live

When this is known, then to divide the times:

So many hours must I tend my flock,

So many hours must I take my rest,

So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself,
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will can;
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave
 Ah! what a life were this, how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O yes! it doth, a thousand-fold it doth
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His vintages sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him

*Alarum Enter a Son that has killed his Father,
 with the dead body*

Son Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns;
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.

heavy times! begetting such events
 From London, by the king was I press'd forth,
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master,
 And I, who at his hands received my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.
K Hen O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity
 Weep, wretched man, I'll add thee tear for tear,
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with
 grief

*Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with the
 body in his arms*

Fath Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me.
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows
 But let me see is this our toeman's face?
 Ah! no, no, no, it is mine only son.
 Ah! boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye see, see! what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
 O! pity, God, this miserable age
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

O boy ! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late

K Hen Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !

O ! that my death would stay these ruthless
deeds

O ! pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses
The one his purple blood right well resembles ;
The other his pale cheeks, methink , presenteth :
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither

Son How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied !

Fath How will my wife for slaughter of my
son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied !

K. Hen How will the country for these woeful
chances

Methink the king and not be satisfied !

Son Was ever son so ruid a father's death ?

Fath Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ?

K Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects'
woe !

Much is your sorrow , mine ten times so much.

Son I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my
fill

[*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
sheet,

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go :
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;

And so obsequious will thy father be,
 Son, for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons
 I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that
 will,

For I have murder'd where I shou'd not kill
 [Exit with the body]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with
 care,
 Here sits a king more woful than you are

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET,
 the Prince of WALES, and EXETER*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are
 fled,
 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull
 Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick
 post anon

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their cruel hands,
 Are at our backs, and therefore hence anon!

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with
 them

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
 Or else come after! I'll away before

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
 Exeter

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 Whither the queen intends Forward! away

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI *Another Part of the Field**A loud alarm* Enter CLIFFORD, wounded

Clif Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
 Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light —
 O Lancaster! how far thy overthrow
 More than my body's parting with my soul
 My love and fear ghued many friends to thee;
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,
 Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York:
 The common people swarm like summer flies,
 And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
 And who slimes now but Henry's enemies?
 O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
 That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth;
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 They never then had sprung like summer flies;
 I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
 Bootless are plants, and cruelless are my wounds;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity,
 For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint
 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
 I stab'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast
[He faints.]

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers

Edw Now breathe we, lords—good fortune bids us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a setting gale,

Command an argosy to stem the waves

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War No, 't is impossible he should escape,

For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead

[CLIFFORD groans and dies

Edw Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich A deadly groan, like life and death's departing

Edw See who it is—and, now the battle's ended,
It friend or foe let him be gently used

Rich Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch

In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,

But set his murdering knife unto the root

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I mean our princely father, Duke of York

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;

Instead whereof let this supply the room
Measure for measure must be answered

Edw Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours.
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War I think his understanding is bereft
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich O! would he did, and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words

Rich Clifford! ask mercy and obtain no grace.

Edw Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.

War Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo While we devise tell tortures for thy faults.

Rich Thou didst love York, and I am son to York

Edw Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee

Geo Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War They mock thee, Clifford swear as thou wast wont

Rich When? not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by ~~that~~ he's dead, and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
blood

Stifle the villain whose unslaked thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy

War. Ay, but he's dead off with the traitor's
head,

• And rear it in the place your father's stands
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again,
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation,

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it
be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester;
And George, of Clarence, Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of
Gloucester,

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

56 *THIRD PART OF K HENRY VI* [ACT III

War Tut ' that's a foolish observation . . .
 Richard, be Duke of Gloucester Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession [Exit

ACT III

SCENE I *A Chase in the North of England*

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands

First Keeper Under this thick-grown brake we'll
 shroud ourselves,
 For through this laund anon the deer will come,
 And in this covert will we make our stand,
 Culling the principal of all the deer

Second Keeper I'll stay above the hill, so both
 may shoot

First Keeper That cannot be, the noise of thy
 cross-bow
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
 In this self place where now we mean to stand.

Second Keeper Here comes a man, let's stay till
 he be past

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen From Scotland am I stol'n, even of
 pure love
 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
 No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
 Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wa

anointed

No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
 No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a

 This is the quondam king, let's seize upon him

K. Hen Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
 For wise men say it is the wisest course

Second Keep Why linger we? let us lay hands
 upon him

• *First Keep* Forbear awhile, we'll hear a little
 more

K. Hen My queen and son are gone to France
 for aid,

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
 To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
 Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account then Margaret may win him,
 For she's a woman to be pitied much
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart,
 The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn,
 And Nero will be tamed with remorse,
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears
 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give,
 She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
 He on his right asking a wife for Edward
 She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;

He smiles, and says his Edward is ~~as~~ stall'd,
That she, poor wretch, for grief can ~~speak~~ ^{say} no
more.

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of ~~his~~ sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret I thus 't will be, and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou wast forlorn

Second Keep Say, what art thou that talk'st of
kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to

A man at least, for less I should not be,
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Second Keep Ay, but thou talkst as if thou
wert a king

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind and that's
enough

Second Keep But if thou be a king, where is thy
crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my
head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen my crown is call'd content,
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Second Keep Well, if you be a king crown'd with
content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us, for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Second Keep. No, never such an oath, nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Second Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather were kings,

And you were sworn true subjects unto me

And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No,

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah! simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look! as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths, for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings' command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king,
King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

60 *THIRD PART OF K' HENRY VI.* [ACT III.

First Keep We charge you, in God's name, and
the king's,
'To go with us unto the officers
K' Hen In God's name, lead, your king's name
be obey'd
And what God will, that I t your king perform,
And what he will, I humbly yield unto [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *London A Room in the Palace*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER CLARENCE,
and Lady GREY

K' Edw Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's
field
'This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror
Her suit is now to repossess those lands
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
'The worthy gentleman did lose his life
Glou Your highness shall do well to grant her
suit,
It were dishonour to deny it her
K' Edw It were no less, but yet I'll make a
pause
Glou [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit
Clar [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] He knows the
game how true he keeps the wind!
Glou [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Silence!
K' Edw Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
delay.

May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glou [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Ay, widow ! then
I'll warrant you all your lands

And if what pleases him shall please you
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow

Clar. [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] I fear her not,
unless she chance to fall

Glou [*Aside to CLARENCE*] God forbid that !
for he'll take vantages

K. Edw How many children hast thou, widow ?
tell me

Clar [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] I think he means
to beg a child of her

Glou [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Nay, whip me
then, he'll rather give her two

L. Grey Three, my most gracious lord

Glou [*Aside to CLARENCE*] You shall have
four, if you'll be ruled by him

K. Edw 'Twere pity they should lose their
father's lands

L. Grey Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it
then

K. Edw Lords, give us leave I'll try this
widow's wit

Glou [*Aside to CLARENCE*] Ay, good leave
have you, for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE stand apart.*]

K. Edw Now tell me, madam, do you love
your children ?

62 *THIRD PART OF K HENRY VI. [ACT III.*

I. Grey Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K Edw And would you not do much to do them good?

I. Grey To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K Edw Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

I. Grey Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K Edw I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

I. Grey So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K Edw What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

I. Grey What you command, that rests in me to do.

K Edw But you will take exceptions to my boon.

I. Grey No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K Edw Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

I. Grey Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glou. [Aside to CLARENCE] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

War. [Aside to GLOUCESTER] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

I. Grey Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K Edw An easy task 't is but to love a king.

I. Grey That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K Edw Why, then, thy husband's lands I

freely give thee

L. Grey I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Gloss. [Aside to CLARENCE] The match is made, she seals it with a curtsy

K. Edw. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean

L. Grey The fruits of love I mean, my loving hege

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense
What love thinkst thou I sue so much to get?

L. Grey My love till death, my humble thanks,
my prayers

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love

L. Grey Why, then you mean not as I thought you did

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind

L. Grey My mind will never grant what I perceive your highness aims at, if I aim aright

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.

L. Grey To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

64 *THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.* [ACT III.

L. Grey Herein your highness wrongs both them and me

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit
Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no' ;

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request ;
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord My suit is at an end

Glou. [*Aside to CLARENCE*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows

Clur. [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom

K. Edu. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ,

Her words do show her wit incomparable ,
All her perfections challenge sovereignty
One way or other, she is for a king ,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen ?

L. Grey 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love

L. Grey And that is more than I will yield unto

I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine

K. Edw. You cavil, widow . I did mean, my

queen

L. Grey 'Twill grieve your grace my sons
should see you father.

K. Edw No more than when my daughters call
their mother

'Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being out a bachelor,
Have other some why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen

Glou. [*Aside to CLARENCE*] The ghostly father
now hath done his shift

Clar [*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] When he was
made a shiver, 't was for shift

K. Edw Brothers, you muse what chat we two
have had

Glou The widow likes it not, for she looks very
sad

K. Edw You'd think it strange if I should
marry her

Clar To whom, my lord?

K. Edw Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou That would be ten days' wonder at the
least

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts

Glou By so much is the wonder in extremes

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers I can tell you
both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is
taken,

66 *THIRD PART OF K HENRY VI* [ACT III.

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate
K Edw See that he be convey'd unto the
 Tower

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 To question of his apprehension
 Widow, go you along Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER.

Glou Ay Edward will use women honourably.
 Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring.
 To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
 The lustful Edward's title buried,
 Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
 And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself.

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way.

So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
 And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,
 And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
 What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
 Why have I swore me in my mother's womb
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
 To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body,
 To shape my legs of an unequal size,
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
 That carries no impression like the dam
 And am I then a man to be beloved?
 O monstrous fault! to harbour such a thought.
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home
 And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe,
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,

And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk,
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more shily than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
 I can add colours to the chameleon,
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

SCENE III *France A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister
 BONA, attended his Admiral, called BOUR-
 BON, the King takes his state Then enter
 Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the
 Earl of OXFORD LEWIS sits, and riseth up
 again

K Lew Fair Queen of England, worthy Mar-
 garet,
 Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
 And birth that thou should'st stand while Lewis
 doth sit

Q Mar. No, mighty King of France; now
 Margueret
 Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve
 Where kings command I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,

And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself

K. Lew Why, say, fair queen, whence springs
• this deep despair?

Q Mar From such a cause as fills mine eyes
with tears
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares

• *K Lew* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy-
self,

And sit thee by our side *[Seats her by him.]*

Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief,
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief

Q Mar Those gracious words revive my droop-
ing thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn,
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid,
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K Lew Renowned queen, with patience calm
the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q Mar The more we stay, the stronger grows
our foe.

K Lew The more I stay, the more I'll succour
thee.

Q Mar O! but impatience waiteth on true
sorrow,

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K Lew What's he approacheth boldly to our
presence?

Q Mar Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
friend.

K Lew Welcome, brave Warwick! What
brings thee to France?

[Descending from his state Queen MARGARET
rises.

Q Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise.
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar ^[Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done

War ^[To Bona] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart,
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue

Q. Mar King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity,
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still, but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War Injurious Margaret!

Prince And why not queen?

War Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen

Oxf Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;

And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquered all France
 From these our Henry lineally descends

War Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
 Methinks these peers of France should smile at
 that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years, a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth

Oxf Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against
 thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
 For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 When nature brought him to the door of death?
 No, Warwick, no, while life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster

War. And I the house of York.

K Lew Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and
 Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
 While I use further conference with Warwick.

[*They stand aloof.*]

Q. Mar Heavens grant that Warwick's words

bewitch him not !

K. Lew Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king ? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen

War Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew But is he gracious in the people's eye ?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate

K. Lew Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love

Unto our sister Bona

War Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's
sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain

K. Lew Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
[To WARWICK.] Yet I confess that often ere this
day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire

K. Lew Then, Warwick, thus our sister shall
be Edward's ;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q Mar Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend

K Lew And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised,
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q Mar Peace! impudent and shameless War-
wick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings;
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post My lord ambassador, these letters are for
you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
These from our king unto your majesty;

And, madam, these for you, from whom I know
not. *[They all read their letters]*

Orf I like it well that our fair queen and
mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince Nav, mark how Lewis stamps as he
were nettled

I hope all's for the best

K. Lew Warwick, what are thy news? and
yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar Mine, such as fill my heart with un-
hoped joys

War Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent

K. Lew What! has your king married the
Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before.

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty

War King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of
heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this mischief of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself ' for my desert is honour.

And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state

Q Mar Warwick, these words have turn'd my
hate to love,

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend. ¹¹

War So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
friend,

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair? ¹²

Bona My quarrel and this English queen's are
one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with
yours

K Lew And mine with hers, and thine and
Margaret's

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid

Q. Mar Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

• *K Lew* Then, England's messenger, return in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride

, Thou seest what's past, go tell thy king withal.

Bona Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake

Q. Mar Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long
There's thy reward be gone. [*Exit Post.*]

K. Lew But, Warwick, thou

And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle,

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War This shall assure my constant loyalty:
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
 Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
 And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable.
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves;
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand

[He gives his hand to WARWICK]

K. Lew Why stay we now? These soldiers shall
 be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
 Shall wait them over with our royal fleet.
 I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France

[Exeunt all but WARWICK.]

War I came from Edward as ambassador,
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
 Had he none else to make a stake but me?
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
 I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again.
 Not that I pity Henry's misery,
 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I *London A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and
 MONTAGUE*

Glou Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think

you
 Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
 Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas! you know 'tis far from hence to
 France,

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk, here comes
 the king

Glou. And his well-chosen bride

Clar. I mudd to tell him plainly what I think

Flourish Enter King EDWARD, attended, Lady
 GREY, as Queen, PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and
 • HASTINGS

K. Edu. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
 our choice,

That you stand pensive as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of
 Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
 That they'll take no offence at our abuse

K. Edu. Suppose they take offence without a
 cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick. I am Edward,
 Your king and Warwick's, and must have my
 will

Glou. And you shall have your will, because
 our king

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edu. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended
 too?

Glou. Not I

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together, ay, and 't were
pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together

K Edw Setting your scorns and your mislike
aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think

Cler Then this is mine opinion that King,
Lewis

Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
charge

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage

K Edw What if both Lewis and Warwick be
appeased

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont Yet to have join'd with France in such
alliance

Would more have strengthen'd this our common-
wealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred mar-
riage

Hast Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont Yes; but the safer when 't is back'd with
France

Hast 'T is better using France than trusting
France

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves :
In them and in ourselves our safety lies

Clar For this one speech Lord Hastings well
deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford

K. Edw. Ay, what of that ? it was my will and
grant ;

And for this once my will shall stand for law

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not
done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales

Unto the brother of your loving bride

She better would have fitted me or Clarence ,

But in your bride you buy brotherhood

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the
heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere

K. Edw. Alas ! poor Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent ? I will provide thee

Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your
judgement,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

To play the broker in mine own behalf ,

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be
king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent ;

And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and misse,
 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
 Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K Edw My love, forbear to fawn upon their
 frowns

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
 So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
 And then true sovereign, whom they must obey?
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands,
 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath

Glow [Aside] I hear, yet say not much, but
 think the more

Enter a Post

K Edw Now, messenger, what letters or what
 news
 From France?

Post My sovereign liege, no letters, and few
 words,
 But such as I, without your special pardon,
 Dare not relate

K Edw Go to, we pardon thee therefore, in
 brief,
 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
 them

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post At my depart these were his very words:
 'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
 To revel it with him and his new bride'

K. Edw Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks

• me Henry
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain

'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake'

K. Edw I blame not her, she could say little less,

She had the wrong But what said Henry's queen?

• For I have heard that she was there in place

Post 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on'

K. Edw Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words.
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long'

K. Edw Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter

Clar Belike the elder, Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick follow me

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

Glou [*Aside*] Not I

My thoughts aim at a further matter, I

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K Edw Clarence and Somerset both gone to
Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,

And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war,

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exit PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him,

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast And Hastings as he favours Edward's
cause!

K Edw Now, brother Richard, will you stand
by us?

Glou Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand
you

K Edw Why so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power
[*Exeunt.*

• SCENE II *A Plain in Warwickshire*

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD with French and
other Forces*

War Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarm to us

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET

But see where Somerset and Clarence come !
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar Fear not that, my lord

War Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick

And welcome, Somerset I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath paw'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings .
But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall
be thine .

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being cunningly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy .
That as Ulysses and stout Diomed
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 And seize himself, I say not, slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprise him
 You that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader
[*They all cry 'Henry !'*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
 George ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III King EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick

Enter three Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent

First Watch Come on, my masters, each man
 take his stand

The king by this is set him down to sleep

Second Watch What ' will he not to bed ?

First Watch Why, no, for he hath made a
 solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest

'Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd

Second Watch To-morrow then belike shall be
 the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report

Third Watch But say, I pray, what nobleman
 is that

That with the king here resteth in his tent ?

First Watch 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's
 chiefest friend

Third Watch O ! is it so ? But why commands
 the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

Second Watch 'Tis the more honour, because
more dangerous.

Third Watch Ay, but give me worship and
quietness,

I like it better than a dangerous honour
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him

First Watch Unless our halberds did shut up
his passage

Second Watch Ay, wherefore else guard we his
royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
and Forces, silent all*

War This is his tent, and see where stand his
guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch Who goes there?

Second Watch Stay, or thou diest

WARWICK and the rest cry all, 'Warwick!
Warwick!' and sit upon the Guard,
who fly, crying, 'Arm! Arm!' WAR-
WICK and the rest following them.

*Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter
WARWICK and the rest bringing the King out in
his gown, sitting in a chair GLOUCESTER and
HASTINGS fly over the stage.*

Som

What are they that fly there?

War Richard and Hastings : let them go ; here is
The duke.

K Edw The duke ! Why, Warwick, when we
parted

Thou call'dst me king !

War Ay, but the case is alter'd :
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here
too ?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king.
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel

War. Then, for his mind be Edward England's
king

[*Takes off his crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York
K Edw What rates impose, that men must
 needs abide

It boots not to resist both wind and tide
 [*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, *led out* ;
 and SOMERSET.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do
 But march to London with our soldiers?

War Ay, that's the first thing that we have to
 do ;

To free King Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne [*Exeunt.*

• SCENE IV *London A room in the Palace*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS

Riv Madam, what makes you in this sudden
 change ?

Q Eliz Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to
 learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward ?

Riv What ! loss of some pitch'd battle against
 Warwick ?

Q. Eliz No, but the loss of his own royal
 person

• *Riv* Then is my sovereign slain ?

Q. Eliz Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
 prisoner,

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surprised at unawares

And, as I further have to understand,

Is new committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv These news I must confess are full of grief ;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day

Q Eliz Till then fair hope must hinder life's
decay

And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
crown

Riv But, madam, where is Warwick then
become ?

Q Eliz I am informed that he comes towards
London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest, King Edward's friends must
down

But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly while we may fly
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Park near Middleham Castle in
Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM
STANLEY, and others.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into this chiefest thickēt of the park
 Thus stands the case You know our king, my
 brother,
 Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 He hath good usage and great liberty,
 And often but attended with weak guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself
 I have advertised him by secret means
 That if about this hour he make this way,
 Under the colour of his usual game,
 He shall here find his friends with horse and men
 To set him free from his captivity

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the
 game.

K Edw. Nay, this way, man see where the
 huntsmen stand

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and
 the rest,

Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth
 haste

Your horse stands ready at the park corner

K Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence
 to Flanders

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me, for that was
 my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forward-
ness

Glou But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to
talk

K. Edw Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt
thou go along?

Hunt Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou Come then, away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw Bishop, farewell shield thee from
Warwick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI *London The Tower.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMER-
SET, YOUNG RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE,
Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen Master lieutenant, now that God and
friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,

At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu Subjects may challenge nothing of their
sovereigns,

But if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty

K. Hen For what, lieutenant? for well using
me?

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as uncaged birds

Conceive, when after many moody thoughts
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee,
He was the author, thou the instrument
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land

- May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds

War Your grace hath still been famed for
virtuous,

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war,
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

• *War* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence give me both
your hands

- Now join your hands, and with your hands your
hearts,

That no dissension hinder government :
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,
 'To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise

War What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War Why then, though loth, yet must I be content

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
 To Henry's body, and supply his place,
 I mean, in bearing weight of government,
 While he enjoys the honour and his ease
 And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
 Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
 And all his lands and goods be confiscate

Clar What else? and that succession be determined

War Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part

K Hen But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat, for I command no more,
 That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
 Be sent for, to return from France with speed
 For, till I see them here, by doubtful tear
 My joy of liberty is half eclipsed

Clar It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed

K Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of

• Richmond.

K. Hen Come hither, England's hope

[*Lays his hand on his head*

It secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty,

His head by nature framed to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself

Likely in time to bless a regal throne

Make much of him, my lords, for this is he

Must help you more than you are hurt by me

•

Enter a Post

War What news, my friend?

Post That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy

War Unsavoury news! but how made he
escape?

Post He was convey'd by Richard Duke of
Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

In secret ambush on the forest side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;

For hunting was his daily exercise

• *War* My brother was too careless of his charge

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

A salve for any sore that may befall

[*Exeunt all but SOMERSET, RICHMOND,*
and OXFORD

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of
Edward's,

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,

And we shall have more waits before¹⁴ be long,
 As Henry's late presaging prophecy
 Did glad my heart with hope of 'this young Rich-
 mond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 What may befall him to his harm and ours
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
 Till storms be past of civil enmity

Oxf Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som It shall be so, he shall to Brittany
 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII *Before York*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS,
 and Forces. *a*

K. Edw Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings,
 and the rest,
 Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
 And says that once more I shall interchange
 My waned state for Henry's regal crown
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
 And brought desired help from Burgundy:
 What then remains, we being thus arrived
 From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of
 York,
 But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
Glou The gates made fast! Brother, I like not
 this;
 For many men that stumble at the threshold
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now
 affright us,
 By fair or foul means we must enter in,
 For luther will our friends repair to us
Hast. My hege, I'll knock once more to summon
 them

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his
 Brethren*

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your
 coming,
 And shut the gates for safety of ourselves,
 For now we owe allegiance unto Henry

K. Edw. But, Master mayor, if Henry be your
 king,
 Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord, I know you for no
 less

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
 dukedom,
 As being well content with that alone

Glow. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got
 in his nose,
 He'll soon find means to make the body follow

Hast. Why, Master mayor, why stand you in a
 doubt?

Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
 open'd

[*Exeunt from above.*]

Glow. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were
 well,

So 't were not 'long of him; but being enter'd,

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen

K Edw So, Master mayor these gates must
not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his keys.]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces.

Glou Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived

K Edw Welcome, Sir John! but why come you
in arms?

Mont To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do

K Edw Thanks, good Montgomery, but we
now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom till God please to send the rest

Mont Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king and not a duke
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[A march begun.]

K Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll
debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning

Hast Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends

K. Edw. Then be it as you will, for 't is my right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem

Mont. Ay, not my sovereign speaketh like himself,

And now will I be Edward's champion

Hast Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation

[*Gives him a paper Flourish.*]

Sold Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland,
&c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight

[*Throws down his gauntlet*]

All Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.

100 *THIRD PART OF K HENRY VI. [ACT IV.*

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
 Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York,
 And when the morning ſun ſhall raiſe his car
 Above the border of this horizon,
 We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
 For well I wot that Henry is no ſoldier
 Ah! froward Clarence, how evil it beſeems thee
 To flutter Henry, and forſake thy brother.
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
 Come on, brave ſoldiers: doubt not of the day;
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII *London A Room in the Palace*
Flouriſh Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLA-
RENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER and OXFORD.

War What counſel, lords? Edward from
 Belgia,
 With haſty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath paſſ'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
 And with his troops doth march amain to London;
 And many giddy people flock to him
K Hen Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar A little ſine is quickly trodden out,
 Which, being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War In Warwickſhire I have true-hearted
 friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
 Thoſe will I muſter up, and thou, ſon Clarence,
 Shalt ſtir up in Suffolke, Norfolk, and in Kent,
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Lancashire, shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved
 In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
 Shall rest in London till we come to him
 Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewell, my sovereign

K Hen Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
 true hope

Clar In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand

K. Hen Well minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont Comfort, my lord, and so I take my
 leave

Oxf [*Kissing King HENRY's hand*] And thus I
 seal my truth, and bid adieu

K Hen Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell

War Farewell, sweet lords let's meet at
 Coventry

[Exeunt all but King HENRY and EXETER.]

K Hen Here at the palace will I rest awhile
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
 Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
 Should not be able to encounter mine

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath
 got me fame

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*
Exe Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are
 these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers

K Edw Seize on the shame-faced Henry! bear
 him hence,

And once again proclaim us King of England
 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow
 Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb
 Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* King HENRY.
 And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay

Glou Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares
 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Coventry*

*Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of
• Coventry, two Messengers, and others*

War Where is the post that came from valiant
Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

First Mess By this at Dunsmore, marching
hitherward

War How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

Second Mess By this at Duntriv, with a puissant
troop

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence

[*Drum heard.*]

War Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies
The drum your honour hears marcheth from
Warwick.

War Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for
friends

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly
know.

*March. Flourish Enter King EDWARD, GLOU-
CESTER, and Forces*

K. Edw Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a
parle.

Glow See how the surly Warwick mans the wall

War O unbid spite ! is sportful Edward come ?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair ?

K. Edw Now, Warwick, wilt thou open the city
gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy ?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces
hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent ;
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glow I thought, at least, he would have said the
king,
Or did he make the jest against himself ?

War Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

Glow Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl's gift.
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to my
brother.

K. Edw Why then 'tis mine, if but by War-
wick's gift.

War Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight.
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw But Warwick's king is Edward's
prisoner ;

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this
What is the body when the head is off ?

Glow Alas ! that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, while he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck.
You left poor Henry at the bi-hop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

• *K. Edw.* 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

• *Glou.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, where? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bend so low a sad to strike to thee.

• *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand I lost would about thy coal black hair,
Shall, with thy head as warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust of this sentence with thy blood.

• *Warwick* charging Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the city.*

Glou. The gates are open: let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array, for they do doubt
Will issue out against us as a battle.
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O! welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city,

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city,

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle,
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.

[GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE whisper.

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means? *[Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee

I will not ruate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, War-
wick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
 To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother and his lawful king ?
 Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath
 To keep that oath were more impiety
 Than Jephthah's when he sacrificed his daughter
 I am so sorry for my trespass made
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
 With resolution, where-so'er I meet thee,
 As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more
 beloved,

Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate
Glou. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-
 like

War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust !

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
 town, and fight ?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears ?

War. Alas ! I am not coop'd here for defence.
 I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
 the way

Lords, to the field ! Saint George and victory !

[*March* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE II *A Field of Battle near Brunet*

*Alarums, and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD,
bringing in WARWICK wounded*

K. Edw. So lie thou there die thou, and die
our fear,
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast, I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company
[*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or
foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres,
For who lived king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory swear'd in dust and blood;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Given now forsake me, and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.
 Why, what is prince, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die, we must

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET

Som. Ah! Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we
 are,
 We might recover all our loss again
 The queen from France hath brought a puissant
 power;
 Even now we heard the news. Ah! couldst thou
 fly

War Why, then I would not fly. Ah! Montague,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile
 Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
 That glues my lips and will not let me speak
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead

Som. Ah! Warwick, Montague hath breathed
 his last,
 And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
 And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother'
 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
 Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
 That might not be distinguish'd, but at last
 I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
 'O! farewell, Warwick'

War Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save
 yourselves,
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
 heaven *[Dies.]*

Oxf Away, away, to meet the queen's great power ! [*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body.*

SCENE III *Another Part of the Field*

Flourish Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and the rest.

K Edw Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are graced with wreaths of victory
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gaulna, have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glou The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K Edw We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury.
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along
Strike up the drum ! cry 'Courage !' and away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

• SCENE IV *Plains near Tewksbury*

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD,
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms

What though the mast be now blown overboard,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ;

Yet lives our pilot still is't meet that he

Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too
much,

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have saved ?

Ah ! what a shame, ah ! what a fault were this.

Say Warwick was our anchor, what of that ?

And Montague our topmast, what of him ?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles, what of these ?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?

And Somerset another goodly mast ?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge ?

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,

But keep our course, though the rough wind say
no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair,
 And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
 What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
 And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark
 Say you can swim, alas! 't is but a while:
 Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you furnish, that's a threefold death
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands and
 rocks

Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
 'T were childish weakness to lament or fear
Prince Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this as doubting any here,
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes,
 Lest in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself
 If any such be here, as God forbid!
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf Women and children of so high a courage,
 And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.
 O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee! long may'st thou live
 To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,

Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at

Q Mar Thanks, gentle Somerset sweet
Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath
nothing else

Enter a Messenger

Mess Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand,

Ready to fight, therefore be resolute

Oxf I thought no less it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided

Som But he's deceived, we are in readiness.

Q Mar This cheers my heart to see your for-
wardness

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not
budge

*Flourish and march Enter King EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, and Forces*

K Edw Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,
Which, by the heaven's assistance and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
should say

My tears gain say, for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes

Therefore, no more but this Henry, your
 sovereign,
 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd and his treasures spent,
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil
 You fight in justice then, in God's name, lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight
[Alarum Retreat Recursions Exeunt.]

SCENE V *Another Part of the Field*

*Flourish Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE,
 GLOUCESTER, and Forces, with Queen MAR-
 GARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners*

K. Edw Now here a period of tumultuous
 broils

Away with Oxford to Hames castle straight
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head
 Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
 words.

Som Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
 fortune

[Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.]

Q Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem

K Edw Is proclamation made, that who finds
 Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glou It is and lo! where youthful Edward
 comes

• *Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.*

K. Edw Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

• *Prince* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to

Q Mar Ah! that thy father had been so resolved.

Glou That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince Let *Asop* fable in a winter's night,
His currish riddles sort not with this place

Glou. By heaven, but, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q Mar Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men

Glou For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

• *Prince* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert

Prince I know my duty, you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all

116 *THIRD PART OF K HENRY VI.* [ACT V.

I am your better, traitors as ye are,
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K Edw Take that, thou likeness of this railer
here [Stabs him.

Glou Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy
agonny [Stabs him.

Clai And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Stabs him.

Q Mar O! kill me too

Glou Marry, and shall [Offers to kill her.

K Edw Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done
too much

Glou Why should she live, to fill the world with
words?

K Edw What! doth she swoon? use means for
her recovery

Glou Clarence, excuse me to the king my
brother,

I'll hence to London on a serious matter

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clai What? what?

Glou The Tower! the Tower! [Exit.

Q Mar O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy
mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it.

He was a man, this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child

What's worse than murder, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst an if I speak,

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains ! bloody cannibals !
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd ?
 You have no children, butchers ! if you had,
 'The thought of them would have stirr'd up
 • remorse

But if you ever chance to have a child,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off
 • As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young
 prince !

K. Edu. Away with her ! go, bear her hence
 perforce

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me
 here

Hear sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death
 What ! wilt thou not ? then, Clarence, do it
 thou

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much
 case

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do, sweet Clarence, do
 thou do it

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not
 do it ?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself .
 'T was sin before, but now 't is charity
 What ! wilt thou not ? Where is that devil's
 • butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?
 Thou art not here murder is thy alms-deed,
 Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say ! I charge thee, bear her
 hence

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this
 prince ! [Exit.

K Edw Where's Richard gone ?

Clar To London, all in post, and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower

K Edw He's sudden if a thing comes in his
head

Now march we hence 'discharge the common
sort

With joy and thanks, and let's away to London .

And see our gentle queen how well she fares

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me [Exit.

SCENE VI *London The Tower.*

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in
his hand, the Lieutenant attending Enter
GLOUCESTER

Glou Good day, my lord What ! at your book
so hard ?

K Hen Ay, my good lord my lord, I should
say rather ,

'Tis sin to flatter, 'good' was little better

'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,

And both preposterous, therefore, not 'good
lord'

Glou Sirrah, leave us to ourselves we must
confer [Exit Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the
wolf ;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Eoscus now to act ?

Glou Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and kill'd

• *Glou.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus, my poor boy, Icarus,
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course,
The sun that scard the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

• *K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine
And thus I prophesy that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign,
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down
 trees,

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's
 hope,

To wit an undigest deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou camest to bite the world
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou camest—

Glou I'll hear no more die, prophet, in thy
 speech [Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd

K Hen Ay, and for much more slaughter after
 this

O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee [Dies]
Glou What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
 mounted

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O! may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house.

If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

- Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,
 For I have often heard my mother say
 I came into the world with my legs forward.
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
 O! Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
- And so I was, which plainly signifies
 That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
 Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
 I have no brother, I am like no brother,
 And this word 'love,' which greybeards call
 divine,
 Be resident in men like one another
 And not in me. I am myself alone.
 Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light.
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee,
 I will buzz abroad such prophecies
 at Edward shall be fearful of his life,
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry and the prince his son are gone.
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
 Counting myself but bad till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 • And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
 [*Exit, with the body.*]

SCENE VII. *The Same A Room in the Palace.*

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne;
 Queen ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,
 HASTINGS, a Nurse with the young Prince,
 and Attendants

K Edw Once more we sit in England's royal throne,

Re-purchased with the blood of enemies
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride
 Three Dukes of Somers; threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions,
 Two Chifords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberland two braver men
 Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
 Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncle and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
 Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou [*Aside*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head
 were laid,

For yet I am not look'd on in the world
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.
 Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

K Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely
 queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

• *Q Eliz* Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy brother,
thanks •

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence
• thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit

[*Aside.*] To say the truth, Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

• *K Edw* Now am I seated as my soul delights,
• Having my country's peace and brothers' loves •

Clar What will your grace have done with
' Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France

• Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom

K Edw Away with her, and wait her hence to
France

And now what rests but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

